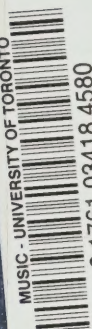


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A BOOK OF SONGS *by* PETER WARLOCK

THE genius of 'Peter Warlock', as Philip Heseltine called his composer-self, has not yet been properly recognised. A few of his songs have been sung repeatedly: a number more have found performances here and there over a number of years: many of the best lie unnoticed. Yet it may be said of the whole of his prolific out-pouring of songs that the right place in English musical history has not so far been found for it.

In this one volume are collected a dozen of Peter Warlock's songs—quiet thoughts like *Sleep*, which is not unknown, and *Cradle Song*, which fell on deaf ears, for some obscure reason: variedly rhythmic songs like *Twelve Oxen* or *The Lover's Maze*; songs with tunes that catch the ear and stay in the mind, like *Passing By* and *Rest, Sweet Nymphs*. This volume well represents this many-sided composer, who ranged from the subtleties of *The Curlew* (perhaps one of the greatest works of our generation) to the frank jollity of *Jillian of Berry*. And it is to be hoped that it will help singers to a greater appreciation and a more searching acquaintance with the lovely heritage of song which 'Peter Warlock' left his fellow-countrymen at his untimely death.

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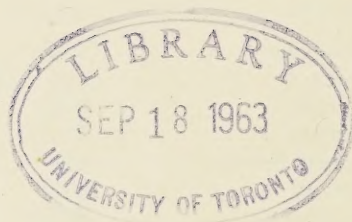
FACULTY OF MUSIC
9497
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
9-5-62

Sleep

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile ;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from hence
There may steal an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought :
O let my joys have some abiding.

JOHN FLETCHER



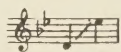
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Sleep

To be sung as though unbarred, *i.e.* phrased according to the natural accentuation of the words, especially avoiding an accent on the first beat of the bar when no accent is demanded by the sense.

JOHN FLETCHER



PETER WARLOCK

Rather slow

Voice

Piano

mp

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet de - ceiv - ing

Lock me in de - light a-while; Let some pleas-ing

Score and parts for string quartet can be hired.

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Printed in Great Britain

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, AMEN HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.4

dreams be-guile All my fan - cies — that from thence There may steal an in - flu-ence

All — my powers of care be - reav - ing.

pochiss. rit. *a tempo*

Tho' but a sha - dow, but a sli - - ding,

Let me know some lit - tle joy. We that suf - fer

long an-oy Are con - tent - ed with a thought Thro' an i-dle fan - cywrought:

mf

Ped. *

allargando *rit.* *a tempo*

O let my joys have some a - bid - ing.

a tempo

f *dim mp e rit* *marcato*

p

Ped. *

rit. molto e dim.

pp

Ped. *

Pretty ring time

IT WAS a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flow'r
In the spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time,
The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

SHAKESPEARE

PRETTY RING TIME



SHAKESPEARE

PETER WARLOCK

Allegretto con moto

Voice

Piano

mp

It was a lov - er and his

lass, With a hey and a ho and a hey no - ni - no, That o'er the green

p subito

pp (very lightly)

corn field did pass In the spring time, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When

pp staccatissimo

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birds do sing Hey ding a ding ding, Sweet lov-ers love the spring.

Be-tween the a-cres of the rye, With a hey and a ho and a hey no-ni-

- no, These pret-ty coun-try folks would lie In the spring time, the

pp staccatissimo sempre

on-ly pret-ty ring time, When birds do sing Hey ding a ding ding, Sweet

lov - ers love the spring. This ca-rol they be-gan that
gva alt

pp

con *And.*

hour, With a hey and a ho and a hey no-ni - no, How that a
loco

cresc.

mf

life was but a flow'r In the spring time, the

pp staccatissimo sempre

on-ly pret-ty ring time, When birds do sing Hey ding a ding ding, Sweet

lo - vers love the spring. And there-fore take the pres-ent

time, With a hey and a ho and a hey no-ni - no, For love is

crown - ed with the prime In the spring time, the on-ly pret-ty ring time, When

birds do sing Hey ding a ding ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring. Allargando

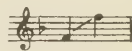
'Rest, sweet nymphs'

REST, sweet nymphs, let golden sleep
Charm your star-brighter eyes,
While my lute her watch doth keep
With pleasing sympathies.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Sleep sweetly, sleep sweetly,
Let nothing affright ye,
In calm contentments lie.

Thus, dear damsels, I do give
Good night, and so am gone ;
With your hearts' desires long live,
Still joy and never mourn.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Hath eas'd you and pleas'd you,
And sweet slumber seized you,
And now to bed I hie.

ANON.

'Rest, sweet Nymphs'



Author unknown

PETER WARLOCK

Allegretto tranquillo

Voice

Piano

mf

con Ped.

mp

Rest, sweet nymphs, let

gold - en sleep Charm your star - bright - er eyes,

Ped. * *Ped.* *

While my lute her watch doth keep With pleas - ing sym - path -

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

- - ies. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Sleep

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sweet - ly, sleep sweet - ly, Let no - thing af -

- fright ye, In calm — con - tent - ments lie. ———
gva alt.

pp

Thus, dear dam - sels, I - do give Good night, and so am gone; ———

p

With your hearts de - sires long live, Still joy — and nev - er

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mourn. — Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Hath eas'd you And

p

pleas'd you, And sweet slum - ber seiz'd you, And now — to bed I

rit. *sva alt...* *rit.* *Ped.*

hie. — *sva alt.....*

molto rit. (L.H.) *very clearly* *Ped.* *

Sigh no more, ladies

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

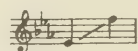
SHAKESPEARE

To E. J. Moeran

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

SHAKESPEARE

PETER WARLOCK



Fast and in strict time (Allegretto con moto)

Voice

Piano

Sigh no more, la - dies, sigh no more;—

Men were de - cei - vers

ev - er.

One foot in sea, and one on shore, To

one thing constant nev - er:

Then sigh not so, but let— them go, And

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be — you blithe and bon-ny, Con-vert - ing all your sounds of woe In - to

Hey non-ny, hey non-ny, hey non-ny, hey non-ny, hey nonny nonny nonny nonny nonny

nonny! Sing no more ditties, sing no moe Of dumps so dull and

hea - vy; The fraud of men was ev - er so Since summer first was

lea - vy: Then sigh not so, but let them go, And

be__ you blithe and bon-ny, Con - vert - ing all your

sounds of woe In - to Hey non-ny, hey non-ny, hey non-ny, hey non-ny,

hey nonny nonny nonny nonny nonny nonny!

Eynsford
August 1927

And wilt thou leave me thus?

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

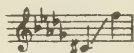
And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
On him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

THOMAS WYATT

To E. Arnold Dowbiggin

AND WILT THOU LEAVE ME THUS?



SIR THOMAS WYATT

PETER WARLOCK

** Poco agitato e rubato*

Voice

Piano

mp

And wilt thou leave me

thus? Say nay, say nay, for shame! To save thee from the blame Of

poco ritenuto a tempo

all my grief and grieve. And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay, say nay!

poco ritenuto a tempo

* To be sung flowingly, in strict accordance with the punctuation of the poem and without regard for bar-line accents; not too slowly.

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And wilt thou leave me thus, That hath loved thee so long In

mf

-----*

wealth and woe among? And is thy heart so strong As for to leave me

ritenuto - e - dim. -

ritenuto - e - dim. -

thus? Say nay, say nay! And

a tempo

mp a tempo

-----*

wilt thou leave me thus, That hath given thee my heart Nev-er for to de-

poco agitato

mf poco agitato

f

poco ritenuto

-part Neither for pain nor smart? And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay, — say

poco ritenuto

mp

a tempo

nay! And wilt thou leave me thus, And have no more

poco accel.

a tempo

mf

dim.

pi - ty On him that lov - eth thee? A - las, thy cru - el - ty! And

dim.

f

molto ritenuto

wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay, say nay!

molto ritenuto

p

pp

dim.

mf

EYNSFORD
August 1928

Passing By

THERE is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning looks,
Will make a lawyer burn his books;
I touched her not, alas! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
Judge you that think such sports were harms.
Were't any harm? No, no, fie, fie!
For I will love her till I die.

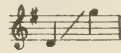
Should I remain confinèd there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet I would love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range:
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

To Hal Collins

PASSING BY

Poem Anon.



PETER WARLOCK

Moderato-poco lento-semplice

Voice

Piano

There is a la - dy

sweet and kind, Was nev - er face so pleased my mind, I did but see her

pochiss. rit. , a tempo

pochiss. rit. , a tempo

poco ritenuto - - - - - *a tempo*

pass - ing by, And yet I love her till I die. Her

poco ritenuto - - - - - *a tempo*

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ges - ture, mo - tion, and her smiles, Her wit, her voice, my

pochiss. rit. a tempo poco ritenuto -
heart be - guiles, Be - guiles my heart, I know not why, And yet I

pochiss. rit. a tempo poco ritenuto -

love her till I die. Her free be - hav - iour,

a tempo

a tempo

winning looks, Will make a law - yer burn his books; I touched her not, a -

poco ritenuto *a tempo*

-las! not I, And yet I love her till I die. Had

poco ritenuto *a tempo*

Red. *

I her fast be - twixt mine arms, Judge you that think such sports were harms,

poco ritenuto *a tempo*

Wer't an - y harm? No, no, fie, fie, For I will love her till I die. Should

poco ritenuto *a tempo*

(poco agitato)

I re - main con - fin - ed there So long as Phoe - bus in his sphere,

poco ritenuto

I to re-quest, she to de-ny, Yet would I love her till I

poco ritenuto

a tempo
die.

a tempo Cu-pid is wing - ed and doth range, Her

coun - try so my love doth change: But change she earth, or

ritenuto *molto rit.*

change she sky, Yet will I love her till I die.

ritenuto *molto rit.*

EYNSFORD
JULY 1928

Robin Good-Fellow

AND CAN the physician make sick men well ?
And can the magician a fortune divine—
Without lily, germander, and sops-in-wine,
With sweet-briar and bonfire
And strawberry wire and columbine.

With in and out, in and out, round as a ball,
With hither and thither, as straight as a line,
With lily, germander, and sops-in-wine,
With sweet-briar and bonfire
And strawberry wire and columbine.

When Saturn did live, there lived no poor,
The king and the beggar with roots did dine,
With lily, germander, and sops-in-wine,
With sweet-briar and bonfire,
And strawberry wire and columbine.

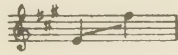
ANONYMOUS

From 'Robin Good-Fellow: commonly called Hob-Goblin, with his mad pranks and merry jests'. The second part: printed in 1628, but probably written before 1600.

To Norman Peterkin

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

The poem from 'Robin Good-Fellow: commonly called Hob-Goblin, with his mad pranks and merry jests'. The second part: printed in 1628, but probably written before 1600.



PETER WARLOCK

Fairly fast, but wayward and capricious in time

Voice

Piano

And can the phy - si - cian make sick men well? And

can the ma - gi - cian a for - tune di - vine ——— Without

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li - ly, ger - man - der, and sops - in - wine, ——— With

Red. * *

sweet - bri - ar and bon - fi - re And straw - ber - ry wi - re And

Red. * *

col - um - bine. ——— With in and out, in and out,

Red. * *

round as a ball, With hith - er and thith - er, as straight as a line, ———

ten. Red.

* fire: two syllables
wire: " "

With li - ly, ger-man-der, and sops - in - wine, —

Red.

[8va alt.] With sweet - bri - ar And bon - fi - re And

Red.

straw-ber-ry wi - re And col - um - bine.

poco accel.

Red.

a tempo

(L.H.) [8va alt.] When Saturn did live, there

Red.

lived no poor, The king and the beg-gar with roots did dine, —

Red.

With li - ly, ger - man - der, and sops - in - wine, —
tenuto

mp

Red.

With sweet - bri - ar And bon - fi - re And

mf

Red.

straw - ber - ry wi - re And col - um - bine.
non rit.

f

Red.

Fair and True

LOVELY KIND, and kindly loving,
Such a mind were worth the moving ;
Truly fair, and fairly true—
Where are all these but in you ?

Wisely kind, and kindly wise ;
Blessed life, where such love lies !
Wise, and kind, and fair, and true—
Lovely live all these in you.

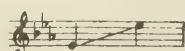
Sweetly dear, and dearly sweet,
Blessed where these blessings meet,
Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessed, true—
Blessed be all these in you !

NICHOLAS BRETON

From 'Melancholic Humours' (1600)

FAIR AND TRUE

The poem from Nicholas Breton's
'Melancholic Humours' (1600)



PETER WARLOCK

Rather slow: with simplicity and tenderness

Voice

Piano

p legato rit. a tempo

Love - ly kind, and

kind - ly lov - ing, Such a mind were worth the mov - ing;

Tru - ly fair, and fair - ly true— Where are all these

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but in you? Wise - ly kind, and

ten.

mp

kind - ly wise; Bless - ed life, where

such love lies! Wise, and kind, and fair, and true—

p

Love - ly live all these in you.

p *ritenuto*

Sweet - ly dear, and dear - ly sweet,

tenuto *molto* *a tempo* (tranquillo)

Bless - ed where these bless - ings meet, Sweet, fair, wise, kind,

mf *poco marcato*

bless - ed, true— Bless - ed be— all these in

you!

p *rit. molto* *pp*

7

The Lover's Maze

O BE still, be still, unquiet thoughts, and rest on love's adventer.
Go no more astray, my wanton eyes, but keep within your center.
Delight not yourselves for to stand and gaze
On the alluring looks of a beautyous face,
For love is like to an endless maze,
More hard to get out than to enter.

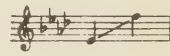
O but why should I complain of love, since once I have affected ?
My hopes are not yet quite so dead but that I might be respected.
Yet her often replies say no, no, no,
It is danger to say so, so, so,
Which makes my heart very woe, woe, woe,
For fear I should be rejected.

O but wherefore should so fair a face retain a heart so cruel ?
Then despair, despair, aspiring thoughts, to gain so rare a jewel.
O but when I cull and clip and kiss,
Methinks there hidden treasure is,
Which whispers in mine ears all this :
Love's flames require more fuel.

Attributed to THOMAS CAMPION

To J. Peter Hauser

THE LOVER'S MAZE



THOMAS CAMPION

PETER WARLOCK

Briskly

Voice

Piano

sempre staccatissimo

O be still, be still, un -

qui - et thoughts and rest on love's ad - ven - ter. Go no more a - stray, my

wan-ton eyes, but keep with-in your cen - ter. De-light not yourselves for to

Copyright in U. S. A. and all countries, 1928, by the Oxford University Press, London.

stand and gaze on the al-lur-ing looks of a beautiful face, For love is like to an

end-less maze, more hard to get out than to en-ter.

O but why should I com-plain of love, since once I have af-

fec-ted? My hopes are not yet quite so dead but that I might be re-

spec - ted. Yet her of - ten re-plies say no, no, no, it is

dan-ger to say so, so, so, Which makes my heart very woe, woe, woe, for

fear I should be re - jec - ted. O but

secco

where-fore should so fair a face re - tain a heart so cru - el? Then de-

marcato

-spair, de-spair, a - spi - ring thoughts, to gain so rare a jew - el! O but

when I cull and clip and kiss, me - thinks there hid - den trea - sure is Which

whis - pers in mine ears all this: Love's flames re - quire more

senza rit. al fine

fu - el.

secco

Eynsford July 1927

Cradle Song

BE still, my sweet sweeting, no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby baby:
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee I,
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby, lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.

What creature now living would hasten thy woe?
Sing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby baby.
See for thy relieving the time I bestow
To dance and to prance thee as prett'ly as may be.

Lullaby baby, lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.

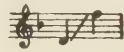
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need;
Sing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby baby.
They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby, lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.

JOHN PHILLIP
From Patient and Meek Grissill (1566)

To Alec Rowley

CRADLE SONG



JOHN PHILLIP

PETER WARLOCK

With a gentle lilt

Voice

Piano

p

Be still, my sweet sweet-ing, no

lon - ger do cry; Sing lul - la - by, lul - la-by, lul - la-by, ba - by: Let

dol - ours be fleet - ing, I fan - cy thee, I, To rock and to lull thee, I

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will not de - lay me. Lul - la-by, ba - by,

lul - la-by, ba - by, Thy nurse will tend thee, as du - ly as may be.

What crea - ture now liv - ing would has - en thy woe? Sing

lul - la-by, lul - la-by, lul - la-by, ba - by: See for thy re - liev - ing, the

time I bes-tow To dance and to prance thee, as prett'-ly as may be.

Lul - la-by, ba - by, lul - la-by, ba - by, Thy

nurse_ will tend thee, as du - ly as may be. The

gods be thy shield, and_ com-fort in need; Sing lul - la-by, lul - la-by,

lul - la-by, ba - by: They give thee good for - tune, and well for to speed, And

this to de-sire I will not de-lay me.

Lul - la-by, ba - by, lul - la-by, ba - by, Thy nurse will tend thee, as

du - ly as may be.

mp rall. molto *pp*

Eynsford
August 1927

Jillian of Berry

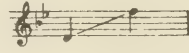
FOR JILLIAN of Berry she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess and go your way,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

Quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle' (1610), but probably older than the play.

JILLIAN OF BERRY

The poem is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's
'The Knight of the Burning Pestle' (1610), but it
is probably older than the play.



PETER WARLOCK

Fast and gay

Voice

Piano

f

For

mp

Jil - lian of Ber - ry she dwells on a hill, And

she hath good beer and ale to sell, And of good fel - lows she

mf

basso marcato

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thinks no ill, And thi-ther will we go now, now, now, And

mp *cresc.* *f*

thi-ther will we go now. And

ff

when you have made a lit - tle stay, You

mp

need not ask what is — to pay, But kiss your host-ess and

go — your way, And thi - ther will we go

now, now, now, And thi - ther will we go now.

Twelve Oxen

I HAVE twelve oxen, that be fair and brown,
And they go a-grazing down by the town.
With hey ! with how ! with hey !
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy ?

I have twelve oxen, they be fair and white,
And they go a-grazing down by the dyke.
With hey ! with how ! with hey !
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy ?

I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and black,
And they go a-grazing down by the lake.
With hey ! with how ! with hey !
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy ?

I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and red,
And they go a-grazing down by the mead.
With hey ! with how ! with hey !
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy ?

For John Goss

TWELVE OXEN

PETER WARLOCK

Fast

Voice

Piano

f

8

Red. - - - *

SOLO

I have twelve ox - en That be fair and brown, — And

mp legato

Red. - * Red. - *

Chorus. With

they go a - graz - ing down by the town. —

mp

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hey! — with how! — with hey! —

With hey! — with how! — with hey! —

cresc.

Red. * — — *

unison

Saw-est not you — mine ox — en, you lit - tle pret - ty

boy?

Red. * — — *

SOLO

I have — twelve ox — en, They be fair — and

mf

white, And they go a - graz - ing down by the

Chorus

With hey! with how! with hey! dyke. With hey! with how! with hey!

unison

Sawest not you - mine ox - en, you lit - tle pret - ty boy?

SOLO

I have twelve ox - en, and

legato

they be fair and black,— And they go a-graz - ing down by the

Chorus

With hey! — with how! — with hey! —

lake. — With hey! — with how! — with hey! —

unison

Saw-est not you — mine ox - en, you lit - tle pret - ty

boy? —

SOLO

I stacc. have twelve ox - en, and they be fair— and

red, And they go a - graz - ing down by the

Chorus

With hey!— with how!— with hey!—

mead.— With hey!— with how!— with hey!—

unison

Sawest not you— mine ox - en, you li - tle pret - ty boy?—

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Music

